The Commonweal

July 18, 1947

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The Current Pan-Turk Danger

Boris Gourevitch

Liberalism and Christianity

William Roepke

A Story

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VOLUME XLVI 15c NUMBER 14

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The COMMONWEAL

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The Russian Refusal

THE OUTRIGHT rejection by the USSR of any part in an Allied reconstruction of Europe is consistent with her policies of the last two years and earlier. It was expected. Likewise the reported refusals of Rumania, Poland and Yugoslavia, the reservations in the Czech acceptance, and the doubtful reactions of Finland, Hungary and Bulgaria to the Franco-British invitations to the July 12 parley on the American proposal.

The grounds of the Russian refusal are typical; they sound particularly hypocritical at this juncture. Mr. Molotov asserted that to supplant spasmodic aid to individual nations by a coordinated plan would violate national sovereignty and independence, while *Isvestia* declared that the USSR took this step as the champion of the "equality and independence of all peoples." Hypocrisy can go no further.

The plight of a politically and economically divided Europe was obvious before the war. Since the cessation of hostilities the continent has been slipping toward the brink of a total state of collapse despite heavy if irregular injections of financial and material assistance from overseas. Some sort of economic union with ample funds for a solid start is the only feasible remedy. And that union must embrace enough people and enough actual and potential productive forces to become a going enterprise. It should not be surprising, then, if the nations which participate in the Marshall program contemplate inclusion of the American, British and French zones of Germany.

If the parley succeeds, Europe will indeed be sharply divided in two, with certain of the western bloc members (such as France and Italy) restrained by large Communist minorities. How will the blocs compare?

In the West there will be voluntary association, for the purpose of survival, of a group of politically divergent States. Few of them are as highly capitalistic as the United States. Socialization has gone much farther in Britain, France and the Low Countries than over here, while the extent of cooperatives in the Scandinavian countries makes them much closer to the ideal of economic democracy than either Socialism or Capitalism envisages. Divergence is also the mark of this group of nations so far as language, traditions, political forms, religion and culture are concerned. Yet there is common to most of them—including even Greece and Portugal—a certain belief in the ideal of human freedom. In the majority of the nations represented at the Paris parley this belief is embodied in laws and traditions which assure the individual citizen of certain basic civil liberties. Wars and depressions are the big threats to personal security in these European States. And in the latter case a number of them have made substantial efforts at providing social security.

Among the forcibly united Russian satellites there are bitter national enmities but also strong unifying tendencies. There is the preponderance of the Orthodox Church, particularly in certain countries. Russia has for years posed as the leader of the Pan-Slav movement. Authoritarianism and poverty have long been the lot of the eastern European peasant. But all these and other comparatively natural influences would hardly weld these satellites together without the presence of the Russian armies and the proximity of the Russian border. All that makes local resentment against the occupation forces for looting, deporting for slave labor and slow death, and living off the countryside completely ineffectual. (Russian delay in ratifying the Hungarian and other treaties means that communication lines and quartering of Russian troops will be maintained at the expense of the occupied countries.) The hint that the USSR is planning an economic bloc of its own is undoubtedly inspired by the marked in-

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terest manifested in the Marshall Plan by several of the Russian satellites. If it materializes beyond the propaganda stage, it should serve to make even sharper the unhappy cleavage between East and West. But for the countries concerned anything would be an improvement on the present exploited colonial status of the satellite economies.

In time, the contrast between eastern and western Europe may be even greater. In the one the police state with poverty the rule, in the other a certain modicum of prosperity with civil rights varying considerably. In one the satellite nations virtually without autonomy or sovereignty and subject to the will of the USSR's currently ruling clique; in the other sovereignty somewhat limited by voluntary agreement in the common interest. A sharp picture of two worlds which somehow or other must go on living side by side for the sake of their common survival.

Not a glowing prospect nor a reassuring one. Yet, preferable to a chaotic or Communist Europe, it embodies a certain hope that in a manner not presently foreseeable the attraction of the perfectible way of doing things which may develop outside the Russian sphere may eventually penetrate not only to the subject peoples of the border countries but even to the Russians themselves. The obstacles to the achieving of the Marshall plan are tremendous yet in the present situation it is the only feasible thing in sight.

Admiral Krock, Meet Colonel McCormick

FROM THE point of view of American journalism, the Fourth of July turned out to be an unusually telling day. On the eve of that steaming holiday, Jimmy Cannon, a sporting writer employed by the New York *Post,* devoted his column to an analysis of public behavior on Independence Day and concluded that the celebrations represented an annual hazard for peaceful men, and, even worse, that they encouraged in the minds of the extremely young a potentially dangerous appetite for military noise and glitter. Since newspapermen are not in the habit of attacking the idea of a day off—even though the day off may be largely for the benefit of other people—Mr. Cannon's column, by itself, would have been enough to lift Fourth of July journalism to a new level of challenge and daring. There was one other bit of newswriting, however, which proved, even more than did Mr. Cannon's adventurous piece, that American newspaper readers, for their own good, must shake off the outmoded belief that nothing worth reading is ever printed on the Fourth of July and that any newspaper published on that day should be utilized exclusively as a sunshade. For it was on Independence Day, 1947, that Mr. Arthur Krock, Washington columnist for the New York *Times,* presented alert readers with one of his most provocative dispatches of the past year, a demonstration of journalistic individuality which ranks with that other distinction already held by Mr. Krock—his proved ability to hold a grudge against the Roosevelt administration longer and with greater monotony than any other American writing man alive, including John O'Donnell of the New York *Daily News.*

Mr. Krock began his column disguised as a Fourth of July picnic speaker. In his opening paragraph he recalled, for the sake of the record, that this was the one hundred and seventy-first anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. He also referred, with fitting deference and respect, to the Signers. Then, with that out of the way, he pushed on to the real subject of his address: national preparedness. By the time he had reached paragraph three, Mr. Krock was dealing head-on with that notoriously ill-prepared era in American history, the years 1933 to 1940. Firmly set on his course and moving along before a magnificent tail-wind, he devoted the next nine inches of his column to an indictment of the Administration (Roosevelt, as it happens) which, for hateful New Deal reasons, was preoccupied with such questionable enterprises as the WPA during the very years when leaders of our Army and Navy were being awarded scarcely enough public money to keep themselves and their subordinates in proper uniform. Having proved all this to his own satisfaction, Mr. Krock, now wearing a becoming set of summer whites himself, sailed into the final thrilling leg of his column.

In a few sentences which might almost be read as an indication of understanding and forgiveness, Mr. Krock then pointed out that the New Dealers were able to behave as they did because the public had been confused by that section of the American press which insisted, in the years between the rise of Hitler and the jolt at Pearl Harbor, that the only thing American democracy had to fear was its own ambitious generals and admirals. Following this concession to objective analysis, Mr. Krock let go with the revelation which will probably cost him his unofficial commission in the United States Navy and which proves that Independence Day journalism is no longer the innocuous stuff that it used to be.

The Navy has a record of all this, wrote Mr. Krock, completely forgetting that he was in a public place and could be overheard. There is a booklet in the Navy Department library "composed of a set of reprints from the *Nation,* the *New Masses* and the *New Republic*" which shows exactly who was responsible for the public confusion which brought the United States unprepared into the second World War. And the same people are up to the same thing again, he concluded.

Mr. Krock's estimate of the influence of the

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Nation, the *New Republic* and the *New Masses* is flattering, of course, and the proprietors of those magazines will undoubtedly send him a note of appreciation—just as the Navy Department will probably send him another kind of note about giving fraternity secrets away. But now that Mr. Krock has let us in on the way things are in the Navy Department library, now that we know the Navy is making notes, we are most anxious for further information. For instance, even if one favors the Truman Doctrine, is it still all right to oppose, let's say, universal military training? Or is the Navy putting down bad marks for that, too?

It is up to Mr. Krock to tell us these things. Otherwise, how will we feel on that day of editorial reckoning when the admirals and generals slip out from behind General Eisenhower's reassuring smile and General Marshall's straightforward glance? Furthermore, we must think of our readers. How large a section of our subscription list is already on file in the Navy Department library? Standing by, Krock!

Into the Jungle

IT IS ANNOUNCED that two Princeton students are setting forth, by jeep, for Tierra del Fuego which is at the southernmost tip of South America, and in Patagonia—a country which sounds like something in "Candide." The jeep is to pull a quarter-ton trailer loaded with mountain tents, jungle hammocks, machetes and a gasoline field range. The explorers will go down the West Coast of South America through Colombia, Chile and Peru and return up the East Coast through Argentina and Brazil. "They will take notes on geography, people, fauna, improved road routes and the Amazon basin," says the daily newspaper. As if this were not enough to keep them busy when not cutting their way through tropical forests with their machetes, they are charged by Princeton with collecting documents, manuscripts and maps pertaining to Thomas Jefferson. Dr. Boyd of Princeton explained that "many South Americans are greatly interested in Jefferson because of his authorship of the Declaration of Independence during the period of the Latin-American revolution." This, of course, is true, but the interested South Americans are probably not in any jungles; the Princeton students could reach them in their libraries without having to use machetes; and so the Jefferson research part of this story is not what is most interesting.

It is a wonderful story to read because it is as if there had not been the war, as if there were not any possible other war to worry about, or any Molotov, as if there had not been the bomb over Hiroshima, the bombs that we are making now, stock-piling now, as if no one were worrying now about whether our American bombs—the bombs for peace—would ever be used, or anyone else's bombs—the bombs for war—would ever be used.

It is as if it were reasonable and permissible to go off for two years before the mast, or by jeep to Tierra del Fuego, and be certain that when you came back there would be people who would want to know about the fauna in the jungle, the changing seas. It is as if you could still do now everything that you could do before there were the wars that were won and not finished, and those that threaten and have not begun. It is as if you still could plan a life with a time for the wander years, a time for achievement, a time for recollection. These two young men from Princeton are acting as if they still believed that there was time for them to move about before being jailed, to live before dying.

They are acting—with all their paraphernalia for jungle travel—just as do the millions of young men all over the world who travel only from their room to their office, from their room to the factory or to the field, and then back to their room—but with their secret love, their hope, their plan, held defiantly against the dark fear that is over the world.

The Princeton students have gone off on their travels leaving the politicians to ruin the world if they must; the young men throughout the world who cannot leave their work are as remote from the politicians—in their private and indestructible expectations—as if they too were on their way to Tierra del Fuego.

The Princeton students look as if they did not care what the politicians did, as if they were not concerned; the young men throughout the world can make no gestures; they cannot say whether or not they care what the politicians do; no one knows whether they care or not; all that we know is that there is an abyss between those who command and the young men who are commanded.

So that it does not matter so much whether you can make a gesture or not, whether you can go away or not, whether you look as if you had confidence that there will be time enough to live through a life or not; the desire to live is there, anyway, the stubborn plans are there, anyway, undefeated by any premonition of catastrophe. When the Princeton students reach the jungle they will see an image of the persisting life of mankind.

The Pan-Turk Danger

IN A RECENT issue of the New York *Times* Magazine, Mr. Raymond Daniel sorrowfully remarked that military aggression against Russia might be begun by the Turks. He wrote: "Their newspapers and politicians are twisting the Bear's tail quite openly, and along with the danger of belligerent action by the Soviets, there is the even greater danger that the Turks themselves may provoke an incident which would lead to war."

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In the light of the part played by the pan-Turk and pan-Turanian movement in modern Turkey, this is no negligible danger. A handful of fanatical young officers can make a desperate attempt to plunge the world into a war from which they would hope to obtain the conquest of the Crimea, of Baku, of Turkestan.

During the second World War the pan-Turks organized in the Russian Crimea a serious insurrection on behalf of Hitler's Germany, as well as several uprisings among the mountaineers of the Caucasus. During that war, the Turkish Government, in order to confiscate the enterprises of Greek, Armenian and Jewish citizens of Turkey, imposed upon them special levies approaching 200 percent of the value of each business. Those unable to meet these levies—some 30,000 individuals—were put in concentration camps. They were not set free until the day when President Roosevelt invited the Turkish President, Ismet Inonu, to meet him. But the confiscated enterprises remained in the hands of Turks in the good graces of the Government.

In the name of pan-Turkism many Turks demand the immediate conquest of vast Russian areas and the incorporation in Turkey of all the Soviet republics and regions inhabited by the Tartars, Uzbeks, Kirghis, Kazakhs, Turkmens, Bashkirs, Kipchaks, Yakuts, Tadjiks, Oirots, and Khakass. The Crimea, Azerbaidjan, Dagestan, a portion of the Volga water-shed, Turkestan, all Soviet central Asia, and a part of Siberia should, they claim, at once come under Turkish rule. All these people and nations, speaking languages and dialects related to Turkish, should, the pan-Turks claim, give up their own languages and accept the Turkish spoken in Asia Minor. Further, they believe that some day pan-Turk expansion must likewise include Persian Azerbaidjan, peopled by Tartars. Several of these peoples seem, to the inflamed imagination of the pan-Turk fanatics, to be descendants of the legendary Oguz-Khan, who appears to them, likewise, to be the ancestor of the "Ottoman Turks" of Turkey proper.

Nor does Turkish racism stop with the creation of this future pan-Turk empire. Their aspirations reach further. They conceive that their historic mission is to continue the conquests of Attila, of Ghengis Khan, of Tamerlane, of Alp Arslan, chieftains of the vast hordes of Huns, Mongols and Tartars sprung from the mysterious depths of Turan. The pan-Turks also insist that after the pan-Turk conquest, the pan-Turanian conquest must begin, an expansion which would give Turkey vast expanses of new territory including Chinese Turkestan, the high plateaux from the Altai to Pamir, all the land lying between the mountains of Mongolia and Irkutsk and the shores of the Amur. At the same time, all the great stretches between the Crimea and the trans-Caspian regions, between the Volga and the Ural Mountains, between Aral and Baikal, would become Turkish. This pan-Turanian empire would be aimed at the reunion of all the Turkish, Tartar, and Mongol peoples, and would dominate as well, for strategic reasons, oil-bearing Irak and Mossul.

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The doctrine and the theory of this militarist and racist movement were elaborated by such great pan-Turk and pan-Turanian writers as: Zya Goek Alp, Kachenzade, Tekin Alpa, Eomer Seifetdina, Mehmet Izzet, Ahmed Agaiev, Issuf Aktchura, Husseinzade, Gasprinsky, Rassul Zade, Amdullah Subkhi. Their ideas continue to dominate the majority of the leadership of the contemporary Turkish dictatorship.

Through what terrible aberration did Turkish intellectuals become poisoned by this aggressive and militarist ideology, threatening mankind with another two or three world wars? A century ago Turkey, which for many hundreds of years had been under the spiritual domination of Arab and Persian thought, underwent a liberal movement called "Tanzimat." This movement had no lasting success and Turkey reverted to the barbarous persecution of its Christian subjects. Turkish reaction triumphed during the days of the bloody Sultan, Abdul Hamid, who slaughtered the Armenians and based his policy on a medieval pan-Islamism.

After the fall of Abdul Hamid the Young Turk revolution sought to unite Turkish, Arab, Kurdish, and Christian citizens of various nationalities in the common idea of the Ottoman nation. It was too late. Apart from the Turks, no one, not even Turkey's other Mohammedan subjects, could conceive of becoming devoted to the Turkish cause. The disillusionment of the Young Turks pushed them toward the idea of Turkish expansion at the expense of the Asiatic peoples related to the Turks. During the first World War the Young Turk leaders massacred more than a million Armenians in order to clear the way for territorial contact between Turkey and Tartar Azerbaidjan, which belonged to Russia. Talaat Pasha, a great Young Turk statesman and slaughterer of Armenians, once said, "I did more in three months to settle the Armenian question than did Abdul Hamid in thirty years." And yet there were still living Armenians. A small Armenian state had taken shape in areas belonging to Russia during the disintegration of the Russian Caucasus at the time of the communist revolution. After the first World War, the victorious democratic Allies wanted to sever Turkish Armenia from Turkey, giving it an opportunity to join with the already existing Armenian republic. The Allies

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also determined to sever from Turkey all the regions inhabited by Arabs. In Asia Minor the Turkish nationalists were beginning an anti-Allied military movement under the direction of Kemal and of pan-Turk inspiration. The Nationalist Turk congress at Sivas included representatives of the Tartars and of several peoples of the Caucasus, Persia, and Turkestan.

In the diplomatic and military struggle between the followers of Kemal and the Western Allies, the Russian communists threw their weight behind Kemal. Thanks to the Soviet hatred of England, they became the dupes of Kemal. They made it possible for Kemal to seize half of independent Armenia, instead of ceding to independent Armenia the Turkish vilayets, for long centuries inhabited by Armenians, as the democratic Allies insisted they should do. Kemalists were content to lose all the Arab lands, but they wanted to preserve and enlarge the bridge leading toward Azerbaidjan which consisted of Armenian territories.

In the autumn of 1920, taking advantage of the neutrality of democratic Georgia, the Russian Communists and Kemal's Turks reached an agreement strangely resembling the agreement between Hitler and Stalin which partitioned Poland between them. Independent Armenia was to be partitioned between the Soviets and Turkey. Azerbaidjan was left inside the Soviet Federation, as a basis for collaboration with Kemal.

On November 30, 1920, the Soviets presented Armenia with an ultimatum, requiring that they be given power over that portion of Armenia not yet occupied by Kemal's armies, which had invaded the tiny country. On March 16, 1921, the Soviets ceded to Turkey the districts of Kars, Ardahan and Surmaline. Batum was returned to Russia. The Turks likewise succeeded in having the district of Nakhichevan detached from Russian Armenia and given to Azerbaidjan, in order that Turkey might have a common frontier with Azerbaidjan, which the Turks wanted to swallow at the first opportunity. The Soviets agreed to this humiliating bargain because, as always, they were blinded by the prospects of the world revolution. They were sure that Kemal would not be able to obtain acceptable peace terms from England and from the other Allies. They hoped that the Tartar Communists of Azerbaidjan would be invited into Turkey to fashion there a Turkish Communist republic, which would fight England.

Mustapha Kemal, however, made satisfactory arrangements with Italy and France and inflicted a terrible defeat upon the Greek armies, backed by England. The idea of the Turkish racist state triumphed. Armenia was forgotten by the democratic Allies and betrayed by the communists. The Treaty of Lausanne meant the victory of Mustapha Kemal.

The most intimate of Kemal's collaborators, such as Amdullah Subkhi, were pan-Turks and pan-Turanians. In the light of this movement, the Turkish intellectuals completely changed their understanding of Turkey's history and mission. They were happy to have lost the Christian areas of the Balkans and saw Turkey's future lying exclusively in the steppes of Turan and of Turkestan. The Sultan Bajazet I, who had formerly seemed a national martyr, dying in an iron cage as Tamerlane's prisoner now appeared as a traitor to the noble Turkish race, for he had dared to oppose Tamerlane, head of the Turkish and Turanian world. An artist who uttered critical words about Genghis Khan was severely beaten. Attila was held up as a national hero, ill understood by the Europeans. The Sumerians of antiquity were, without the slightest proof, proclaimed the ancestors of the Turks. The likeness to the nazis becomes striking when we learn that the watchword was "Let us turn our backs on Mecca and the religion of Islam and look to the Altai"—the mountain cradle of the supposed ancestors of the Turks and Tartars.

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It is altogether understandable that the democratic powers, who seek the bases for a lasting peace, should wish to prevent Soviet aggression against Turkey, the purpose of which would be to settle by force the question of the Straits and that of Kars and Ardahan. What is less well known is the aggressive spirit of the Turkish leaders themselves, intoxicated as they are by a fanatical dream of the conquest of all regions where the population is related to the Turks or where the population is presumed to speak a language close to the Turkish language. This ideology represents a sort of Turkish nazism, except that in place of "Aryan" fanaticism we face a pan-Turk and pan-Turanian fanaticism.

A. J. Toynbee allows us to cherish no illusions about Turkey's past. In his "Study of History" he has written: "The challenge to which the Ottoman system was a response was the transference of a nomad community to an environment in which they had to rule sedentary communities. They solved their problem by treating their new subjects as human flocks and herds, evolving human equivalents of the sheep-dogs of the nomad in the form of a slave 'household' of administrators and soldiers."

Those who now rule Turkey are modifying the Turkish language in order to bring it closer to the languages of the Tartar peoples whom they desire to conquer. The people and governments who wish to guarantee peace in the Near East must not lose sight of the pan-Turks and the pan-Turanians in the dictatorial and militarist Turkey of today.

BORIS GOUREVITCH.

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Liberalism and Christianity

Wilhelm Roepke

RECENTLY, a group of outstanding men from different parts of Europe and from the United States gathered in Switzerland to discuss in detail the conditions under which a society of free people is possible today. We had in common our adherence to a social philosophy which could be described as liberal, if this term had not become the source of annoying misunderstandings. None of us believed that a socialistic economic system could bring us anything other than poverty and absence of freedom, and each of us saw clearly that collectivism in every form has become the real danger to our civilization. We discussed soberly the necessity of reestablishing an effective order of competition and all the technical problems of an economic and legal nature involved in such a reestablishment. Most of us were, indeed, economists whose thinking usually operates with such concepts as supply and demand, prices, factors of production, and money. None of us could have been called an active representative of the Catholic faith. Then, however, something happened that emphasizes better than anything else the almost serene seriousness of the present hour.

In this circle, the discussion began to be dominated by the conviction that if we want to win the world-wide struggle for freedom, we must talk of entirely different subjects than, primarily, supply and demand. And once the spell was broken, we hard-boiled liberals began to talk of what Christianity means for freedom and what freedom means for Christianity, and that no matter whether we speak as Christians or as liberals concerned about freedom and human dignity, we mean fundamentally the same thing—and face the same enemy. One of us, who came from Germany, reported from his experience under the Third Reich, a regime which finally confronted the people with an extremely serious question: is it at all possible to be a Christian (in such a regime) since it deprives man of his freedom of moral decision so essential to Christianity? He added that this common emergency of the soul had torn down the old walls dividing the creeds, and that now, by coordinated effort or indirect cooperation, Protestants and Catholics alike are trying hard to find the pattern for a social and economic order which is in every way the opposite of a totalitarian society and economic system, and which corresponds equally to the Christian and the liberal ideal.

Thus we came face to face with the question of the relation between liberalism and Christianity. I believe that this is a question which can no longer be by-passed and which deserves renewed investigation.

For this purpose, it seems advisable to speak of liberalism in two different connotations: first, in its general context as an idea which ultimately comprises the essence of Western civilization as such; second, in its narrower and specific sense as an intellectual, political, and economic direction of thinking which, during the 19th century, evolved out of that general idea through certain unique historical events. In the first sense, all of us who are anti-totalitarian are, indeed, liberals. In the second sense, however, it becomes questionable whether any one of us can still be a liberal. Liberalism is a powerful tree of venerable age under whose wide canopy all of us meet in the certain knowledge that we must defend something we have in common, irrespective of whether we otherwise call ourselves conservatives or democrats, liberals or socialists, Protestants or Catholics. In the second case, however, liberalism is only the youngest shoot of this tree, and more than one man asks himself if it is not a wild shoot. It would be a crime to cut down the proud tree because the shoot is not satisfactory. Yet thousands of axes are already busy trying to commit this outrage.

When we speak of the tree of liberalism in the broader and higher sense, everyone who holds dear the values and ideas essential to this Western civilization and is willing to defend them to the last, knows what is meant. He will revere that tree as a heritage which reaches back to the origins of our civilization, to the Ionic Greeks, to the men of the Stoa, to Aristotle, and to Cicero. What these *animae naturaliter Christianae* began, Christianity has completed in magnificent manner and handed down as the Christian natural law. It was Christianism alone which accomplished the revolutionary deed of delivering people as children of God from the strangle-hold of the state and, in the words of Guglielmo Ferraro, destroyed the *esprit phardonique* of the state of antiquity.

And time and time again one has been compelled to recognize that the wall which separates us, as far as the concept of freedom is concerned, from antiquity is Christianity, to which we owe the sentence, "Render therefore unto Caesar the

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things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's." If we add to this how much Christianity renders to God, then this sentence expresses everything we mean when we speak of liberalism in its comprehensive and broadest sense.

We are undoubtedly dealing here with the common heritage of antiquity and Christianity. Both are the real ancestors of what we think we can call liberalism, because they are the ancestors of a social philosophy which regulates the tension-charged relations between individual and state on the basis of a *ratio* inborn in every man and a dignity owing to every man—which thus confronts the power of the state with the civil rights of the individual. In this sense one could compose from the works of Cicero, the *corpus juris,* and the *Summa* of Thomas Aquinas a compendium of liberalism which is still valid today. Perhaps, however, this venerable heritage is most lucid in Catholic social doctrine.

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It would be a most tempting task to investigate the Catholic social doctrine—all its sources, works, and manifestations, and all its degrees in its relation to universal liberalism. Such an investigation would have to be undertaken impartially, scrupulously excluding all the negative associations with all sorts of stupidities, as well an investigation of liberalism as a great heresy of the 19th century. Such an investigation would have to mention also how much those of us who are trying to free liberalism from the portentious follies of the 19th century, while advancing the idea to greater philosophical profundity, owe to Catholic thought. Finally, the investigation would properly register the fact that on the other side, no few liberal thinkers were faithful Catholics—among them A. de Toqueville and Lord Acton—and to note also that even a man like G. K. Chesterton did not hesitate to call himself a liberal. Perhaps this fact may serve to diminish somewhat the hesitancy of many a Catholic to interpret liberalism as something not alien or inimical to him.

Indeed, the world situation and its great decisions force all of us to find out where we stand, and to reinterpret our social philosophy so as to be really conscious of the common front and to avoid old controversies. What this means will be illustrated in this article by reference to that solemn and binding document of the Catholic Church which on May 15, 1931, went out to the world as the Encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno.* In this instance, the reference will be brief, and based on the assumption that the exacting reader will be interested in learning how that document is interpreted in the mind of a Christian and liberal who does not belong to the Catholic Church, and who is not a specialist in interpreting ecclesiastical documents.

To consider first the essentials, a man calling himself a liberal in the broader and more general sense would not hesitate to call that Encyclical a most impressive, profound, and noble manifesto, in which a great deal of what is close to his heart as a liberal was there expressed with precision, dignity, and vision. Indeed, the "liberal" content of this document cannot be ignored, in so far as this word is used in its most general and perpetually valid sense, and comprehended from the collectivist counterpole as pertaining to a civilization of personal cultural achievement where there is a balance between individuality and collectivity.

★

I know that this overly compact statement will encounter the opposition of many people who have been accustomed to seeing in the Encyclical an entirely anti-liberal program of the corporative state. After the manner of their political point of view, such people hold it in good or evil memory. I believe this was always based on an erroneous interpretation, and can be only an obstacle to the new prestige of the Encyclical which is so much to be desired. He who makes the effort to read it with care and without prejudice (in case of doubt, in the original Latin text) can scarcely comprehend how the concept of the Encyclical as a program of corporatism could originate at all, except from a confusion of thought which this expression encourages, but which cannot longer be tolerated. The "corporative state" and the "corporative economy" are terms which make sense only if the professional "corporation" (*ordo,* as the original text says) is made the structural principle of the state, or of the economic system. If the professional corporation is made the structural principle of the state, it replaces the present-day structural principle of representative, parliamentarian, or direct democracy, and renders the professional corporations the instrument of the formation of political will.

If the professional corporation is made the structural principle of the economic system, this means that now, similarly, the structural principle of the modern economy—the market—is replaced by the cooperation or opposition of the professional corporations (which skeptics would call the pressure groups of vested interests). In the case of the corporative *state,* corporatism is directed against democracy; in the case of the corporative *economy,* it is directed against the market economy.

In spite of great effort I have been unable to discover in the Encyclical any trace of this sort of corporatism—to say nothing of the fact that the corporatism of fascist Italy of that time was only touched in passing with a disapproving gesture. In so far as the *ordines* are dealt with and

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their extension demanded, it is unmistakably done with the aim of social policy in view: improving relations between employers and employees for the abolition of class struggle, but not with the purpose of removing competition in the market for goods. Even in this narrower professional connotation—the community of the profession (*communauté professionelle*) as we would translate the term *ordo* today—as an instrument of social reform, the Encyclical places greatest emphasis on volition. There is given the strong impression that the author of the Encyclical saw clearly the danger to come from an incautious recommendation of the professional communities, and that he intended to limit these organizations to tasks of social policy, thus avoiding anarchy by the pressure groups of vested interests.

This impression becomes even stronger when one notes that the Encyclical takes an unequivocal stand on the paramount question of whether the structural principle of the economy shall be collectivist or non-collectivist, *expressing itself for the market economy* (*haec aeconomiae ratio*), *and against the command-economy*—something not contradictory to the equally determined disapproval of the degeneration of the market economy. I have not been able to discover a single spot which suggests that the economic order of the market economy should be replaced by another which could be only the collectivist one, aside from the segment in regard to self-suppliers, which at one point receives, indirectly, deserved praise.

In my view, a special merit of the Encyclical *is that it clearly distinguishes between the principle of the market economy as such and its degenerations, declaring war against these degenerations in order to save the principle of the market economy,* and *with it, our entire social order, from expanding collectivism.* That is also exactly what the representatives of neo-liberalism say, though perhaps in different words.

This emerges still more clearly when we discover that the Encyclical recognizes the degeneration of the market economy not only in the excesses of a bygone *laisser-faire* policy, but also in the increasing distortion of the order of competition through monopolism. One might, in detail, place the emphasis differently than does the Encyclical, express some things differently so as not to cause misunderstandings; one might also consider as unfounded the view, developed in the Encyclical, that monopolism is the result of free competition. It would be more correct to say that monopolism is the result of a defective legal order and certain government interventions. However, we can only agree with satisfaction to the resolution with which the Encyclical declares war on monopolism (*oeconomicus potentatus*) and its economic and political evils. By condemning the "deterioration of an impartial state authority removed from the controveries of interests," it turns against the monopolistic sclerosis of the markets and group anarchy, both of which paralyze the market economy and render impossible the just equivalent of one service for another, at the same time deteriorating the state through pluralism. But one cannot in the same breath make war against the pressure groups and recommend an economic order which, beyond all this, would sanction this disastrous evolution and accelerate it to the extreme. Corporatism would, however, be that kind of economic order; and only the restoration of a true competitive order promises a cure. To attribute falsely a different opinion to the author of the Encyclical would be to offend his sagacity.

If the concentration of power in the hands of private people is a serious evil, then such concentration in the hands of the state which is equipped with all the means of political power is many times worse. Even the Encyclical cannot escape this logical conclusion, no matter how willing it is to render to the state what belongs to the state.

Hence this Encyclical, as are we all, is compelled to wage a two-front war. One front turns against individualism and the economic policy of *laisser-faire,* the other against collectivism. That the latter is rejected by the Encyclical with the same determination as is individualism, is so much the more important because there is always the danger that socialism (collectivism) will be, in theory at least, purported to be the fulfilment of a truly Christian doctrine, and will mobilize specifically basic Christian emotions. It seems to be a particular merit of the Encyclical to have spoken with clarity, and one could wish that this authoritative word of clarification were audibly recalled today, since once more a great deal is being said in a confused way about "Christian socialism."

"Whether as doctrine, or as historical fact, or as a movement, if it really remain Socialism, it cannot be brought into harmony with the dogmas of the Catholic Church, even after it has yielded to truth and justice in the points we have mentioned; the reason being that it conceives human society in a way utterly alien to Christian truth (III.2)." Communism is treated as lying beyond any possible discussion, but even the "moderate socialists" must accept a serious warning. If their moderation consists in confining themselves to certain reforms which can be defended from a non-socialist standpoint as well (like the fight against the concentration of power, or the socialization of individual public utilities), they abuse the term "socialism."

This declaration on two fronts leads the Encyclical to search for a third road in order to "avoid equally the cliffs of individualism and col-

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lectivism." In which direction does this road lead? On this the Encyclical contains several noteworthy hints.

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We place at the head of the discussion the problem of *property* which in our industrial epoch of anonymous large-scale property calls for a redefinition in order to stand up under critical examination. The Encyclical speaks of the double nature of property, the individual and social functions of which must be distinguished. Then it explains that the exaggeration of the former function leads to individualism, and exaggeration of the latter to collectivism. While there is stressed the responsibility which property as means of production involves—a responsibility which renders property a function of trust—the inviolability of property is so much the more vividly emphasized. Concerning the temptation to relativize property in social philosophy by referring to the Gospel, the Encyclical states unmistakably: "Man's natural right of possessing and transmitting property by inheritance must be kept intact, and cannot be taken away by the state from man," for, it is added, "the domestic household is antecedent as well in idea as in fact to the gathering of men into a community (*Encyclical Rerum Novarum*)."

To this subject belongs also the remark at the end of the Encyclical: "Those who are engaged in production are not forbidden to increase their fortunes in a lawful and just manner: indeed, it is just that he who renders service to society and develops its wealth should himself have his proportionate share of the increased public riches."

From the foundation of a social philosophy emphasizing the rational and natural order rises that part of the Encyclical which seems to me more important than all the others. I refer to the part dealing with the social question. Here, without minimizing the merits of traditional social policy, the Encyclical correctly sees the real problem to be a degenerating process, a problem which essentially must be recognized not only as a material, but also as a non-material, anthropological one: *proletarization*. The solution of the social problem is therefore identical with the solution of the problem of de-proletarization (*redemptio proletariorum*). The Encyclical correctly states, further, that the existence of our whole civilization depends on the solution of this problem. In this article it is impossible to convey an idea of the host of considerations which would need to be set down. Suffice it to say that the world would have done well to heed them and to learn without prejudice from the spiritual tradition of Catholic social philosophy.

One hopes that it need not specifically be said that such a program of de-proletarization, which

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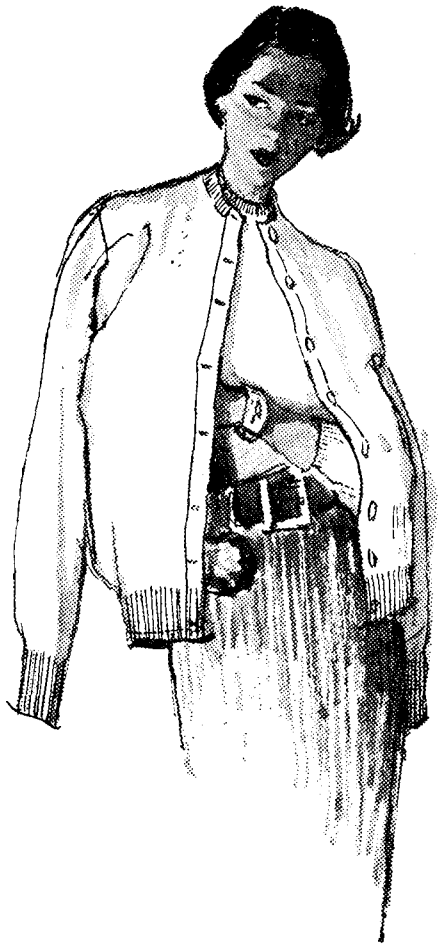

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may also be called a program of economic, social, and political decentralization—or a program of the "aerated society" (Gustave Thibon)—would be the extreme opposite of economic and political totalitarianism. And it has so little in common with romanticism that it can justly claim the adjective "realistic," because it considers man in relation to his natural inclinations and needs. Facing the unnatural character of present-day conditions, it simply lets common sense speak.

The realism of the Encyclical is expressed also in the fact that through it, in passage after passage, the knowing political economist is clearly visible—an economist who does not get lost in vague postulates, but who remains conscious of economic relations as taught also by "liberal" economic doctrine. For the very reason that it refuses to consider the social problem simply as a wage problem, the Encyclical can unhesitatingly point out that it is not permissible to increase wages beyond an economically bearable degree while disregarding economic relations. Indeed, the causal relation between exaggerated wage increases and unemployment is clearly pointed out. The well-informed political economist is revealed also in the view that the reform of profit corporations is an important point of departure for improving the situation.

Only now and then are remarks in the Encyclical devoted to questions of *international* economic policy. In view of the importance of this subject, this is to be regretted, but it is necessary to add that these are particularly intricate questions, with reference to which, if I am not mistaken, the position of Catholic social doctrine is perhaps still less clearly defined. Only recently have more voices been raised which express a clear recognition of the fact that the fundamental sociological and economic concepts of the Encyclical logically extend to the international field. This ultimately amounts to confessing to the fundamentals of a free "multilateral" world economy, such as the liberal also advocates. Probably one will hesitate to speak of a liberal world economy because it is hard to make up one's mind to use the word "liberal" in that broader and more general sense which corresponds, as we have shown, so largely to the specifically Christian social doctrine. The word "liberal" is burdened with so many negative associations in the narrower sense of the 19th century.

In conclusion, one may say that it is not terms that count here; the essential thing to understand is that we are now engaged in the final battle between collectivism (totalitarianism) and the forces which fight for the freedom and the dignity of man; in this combat it will become ever more difficult to separate the heritage of Christian social doctrine from all that is essential and lasting in liberalism.

The Screen

You Pay Your Money

AND the choices offered this week are varied enough to provide something for everybody—everybody, that is, who doesn't expect a first-rate movie.

The long-hairs will no doubt go into ecstasies over a restrained and handsome English film called *"The Magic Bow."* It tells a romantic story about Paganini, the great musician who conquered the world with his violin. This sounds as if it could have been exciting; but somehow, in spite of a very good cast and beautiful nineteenth century costumes and sets, it isn't. Paganini, played by Stewart Granger with a great deal of flashing genius and temperament, suffers like everything when the love of his life (Phyllis Calvert) turns him down to obey Napoleon's command that she marry a nobleman (Dennis Price). He plays and plays before adoring audiences everywhere—until finally the Pope himself invites the world's greatest violinist to play in the Vatican. And who do you think is in the audience with all the dignitaries in this beautifully staged scene? None other than the love of Paganini's life who decides on this momentous occasion that, Napoleon or no, Paganini is for her. I must admit that in spite of all this expensively dressed corn, this movie rises to great emotional heights at times; but your emotions are stirred not so much by what you see as what you hear—for the playing is actually done by Yehudi Menuhin, and the recordings of music by Paganini and other composers are excellent. The highbrows who don't expect action in a movie will eat this one up.

Mystery fans should find *"Moss Rose"* to their liking even though they guess the murderer long before the finale. Gene Markey's good-looking production, set in turn-of-the-century England, has plenty of suspenseful moments in dark streets and poorly lighted mansions; and Director Gregory Ratoff has moved his cast well through the scary situations. Some of the effect is lost, however, through the use of a flashback device in which the heroine, nicely played by Peggy Cummins, tells the story; for then we know that she won't meet the sad fate of her two pretty predecessors whose dead bodies were found beside a Bible and a rose. Victor Mature, as a wealthy playboy, and Ethel Barrymore as his mother, a grand and slightly batty dame, are the two most likely suspects. Sophisticated mystery fans who suspect the detective played by suave Vincent Price will be on the wrong track.

Moviegoers who like a problem picture will find that *"The Unfaithful"* asks an interesting question and gives a sensible answer. What should the husband do who discovers that his wife was unfaithful while he was fighting the war? The film comes to the conclusion that he shouldn't do anything, but before it comes to this surprisingly simple and honest solution at the finale, the picture wanders far and gets muddled in melodramatics which prove absorbing though somewhat silly. For the wife in this case (Ann Sheridan) thought that she could

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get away with killing her former lover and then lie her way out of everything. As the husband, Zachary Scott is properly indignant and annoyed at his wife's outlandish behavior. The film's best performance is turned in by Lew Ayres as a family friend and lawyer who disapproves of divorce. "The Unfaithful" won't win prizes for its clear thinking; but it does deserve a hand for its efforts.

Then there's *"Fiesta,"* an item in Technicolor which must have been designed for people who think that flashing color answers all requirements of a movie. The Mexican sets and costumes gave the color boys every opportunity to go to town, and everyone else on the job relaxed. In the first place it has a story about twins that only Shakespeare could make us accept, for really no one could be fooled when Esther Williams steps into the bull ring in the place of her brother (the handsome Mexican star, Ricardo Montalban). The whole situation depends on this, because the boy twin prefers music and is busy composing a piece (a very nice one too composed by Aaron Copland) while the girl twin fights bulls to save the family honor. John Carroll and Cyd Charisse provide the romantic interest in the lives of the twins, and there are more actors involved, but none of these efforts are likely to help our good neighbor policy.

Nor is *"Lost Honeymoon"* likely to improve our relations with England. The film is a slapstick farce about a veteran (Franchot Tone) who forgot that he was married abroad and is about to marry the boss's daughter (Frances Rafferty) when an English woman (Ann Richards) arrives and says she's his wife. She's not, but the twins she brought with her are his children and their mother is dead. Perhaps this could have been made into an amusing movie (although amnesia stories are not in good standing these days) but this picture has turned the whole situation into burlesque loaded with *doubles entendres* that are definitely not funny. The finale, for instance, shows Tone in bed with the children; and he coyly says to the audience, "I just got twins." We like to go to an air-cooled movie house on these hot days, but there are times when the summer heat would be preferable.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Major Rivers

BERNARD RAYMUND

THE bathroom window flung up with such force that the sashweights tinkled.

"El-lis!" The voice of Baber's mother searched the backyard.

Had he been on the hidden side of the tree from her he could have said he didn't hear. But he was caught in full view: no use to think now of what he should have done. Assuming all the innocence of manner he could, he turned, slowly.

"Huh?"

"I said, Put it down. You know perfectly well they aren't ripe yet. Ah-ah-ah-ah!" The interjection rang with such explosive force that it brought Ethel to the back steps to see what it was about. He removed the peach from his lips, looked at the lovely blush that spread over one whole side, breathed its aroma with a sigh of renunciation. When they were this way they were pretty near perfect. The white flesh broke away from the pink pit with a crispness that reminded him of the slivers of ice from the back of the ice-wagon. But if they were going to gang up on him . . .

"Have you forgotten what Papa said just this morning? Don't you want to have any on the table when they get ripe? Shame!"

"You do whut yo' Mommy say or I won' make that present for you to take to Max's party," Ethel put in.

The peach dropped from his fingers with a brittle thud. "Do I hafta wear my shoes'n' stockings?" he demanded. But his mother had left the window and there was no answer but the decisive click of her heels across the bathroom linoleum.

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Max's mother had even invited girls to the birthday: he supposed it was because, like himself, Auntie Rivers had helped bring them into the world. The presents were laid out on the sofa in the sitting room: an ABC board such as he had always wanted, Robinson Crusoe in a colored jacket, a donkey cart that wouldn't go (probably someone had passed on a Christmas present), and handkerchiefs, the sort that only girls would think to bring, tiny, embroidered with butterflies and a lavender M, but absolutely nothing to eat. He yielded up the popcorn ball to Max, saw a dozen hands strip off the green tissue paper, saw the sticky sphere demolished by ravenous finger nails. Of course he didn't get a bite.

After the late ones had straggled in there was ice cream and cake which you sat on the floor to eat, the scalloped paper napkins being neither suitable to tuck under your chin, nor large enough to spread over your knees. There were dishes to pass around, of mints, of almond macaroons, of black sweet cherries. And then everyone clattered out into the kitchen to put their plates and spoons in the sink. One of the little kids was pushed out on the back porch where he howled and beat

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the screen door when they wouldn't unlock it. One of the girls had gone home bawling when someone pulled her pig-tail. The others stuck close together in a corner of the sitting room, whispering among themselves and opening their eyes wide and pretending to be mad when one of the kids smacked them and hollered "You're it!"

As soon as the tumult was such that he felt he would not be missed, Baber withdrew to the parlor, and climbing onto the plush piano stool heaved down the big book of "Animals of the World." With a rich feeling of guilt he laid it on the rug and settling on his stomach turned back the heavy cover. As many times before, he lingered over the elegant signature on the fly-leaf: "Joseph Peabody Rivers, January 1st, 1888." The curlicues, the deeply shaded lines, were almost as if carved out of stone, like on that marble headstone he had seen in Greenlawn. Only Major Rivers was still alive, even if they did have him locked up over on the "Hilltop." Baber's father and mother could remember when he really had lived here: but then they could remember too when their house and the Rivers' were the only two on the street, in the middle of a cow-pasture that went clear down to the Olentangy.

It was all shadowy, somehow terrifying, a past in which he already existed but of which he had no knowledge. He wondered sometimes if what had happened before might not happen to him again? It was like looking at Grandmother's daguerrotypes from the side, when what from the front were full-bodied figures, became blurred shadows on a piece of glass. There was the picture of how the Major used to have the delirium tremens. He did not like to think about that. And there was the other story of how the Major had sold the Jersey cow when Auntie was away on a baby case. When Baber's Dad had gone over that evening for the milk he found the Major snoring among empty whiskey bottles. He kicked him awake and tried to make him tell who had bought the cow, but Major Rivers didn't know. Nobody ever found out. Baber's Dad had had to go clear over to the farmhouse near High Street to get milk, and there was something wrong with it and Baber's sister had died. So that now unless he had been told he wouldn't even know he had ever had one. Maybe he was just as well off, what would he do with a sister all the time tagging around? But he didn't like to think of things like that happening that he ought to remember but couldn't.

He wondered if Max really remembered his father. He *said* he did, of course, but it was just as if the Rivers kids, Max and Dugald and Mary, had never had one. They seldom spoke of him. There had been a time too when their mother had stayed at home and had taken care of them instead of other people's offspring. Baber's Mom said Auntie Rivers when she first knew her was a "raving beauty." He guessed she looked pretty good now. She did to him, even if she did wear glasses.

From beyond the portieres at the door of the sitting room he could hear her voice now, saying something nice to the girls to help them get over whatever was the matter with them. He turned the thick pages, breathing their odor, all the richer for being mingled with that of honeysuckle and sprinkled lawns outside. It almost made his mouth water. Every plate was covered with a sheet of tissue paper through which you could see the colors beneath. It was fun to guess what the pictures were going to be. Some of the words, like M-e-s-o-p-o-t-a-m-i-a, were too hard to read. But he didn't need to. That one was of the desert with vultures circling over a crumbling tower of bricks and a hyena and her four pups gnawing a bone at the mouth of their burrow. Here were four men on top of an elephant shooting a gun right in the mouth of a tiger that was trying to pull them off. In this one he guessed the same four men (they must have got around a lot) were in a boat among ice floes, all dressed in furs. And a giant polar bear was trying to climb in with them. But of course they had plenty of guns. Now if their ammunition hadn't got wet . . .

Mary Rivers and that Mr. Taylor she went with were talking on the front porch. There were giggles, the tinkle of their spoons as they ate their share of the ice cream. But he did not hear what they were saying. The kids were playing some game in the back room now, the girls were screeching like they always did, but it was as if he were in a dream. He turned the pages, laid back the sheets of tissue, drank thirstily of the wonders so revealed.

Then without a sound the book was drawn from beneath his elbows and a voice that seemed to come from somewhere near the ceiling said,

"Next time you want to look at my books, young man, ask permission!"

Not loud, not mad, just so cold that it seemed as if it froze him clear to the middle. Without looking Baber knew who it was all right. Ask permission, of *him*? He could just see himself! He expected any moment a smack on his behind. But none came, and rolling over on his back he looked up from under his bent arm.

Well, Major Rivers was nothing to be afraid of at that. Instead, some emotion that he could not understand seized him and he lay without speaking, while the Major stepped across him, put the book back where it belonged, dusted fastidiously his pale hands. Baber had been about to say something like "Gee, I'm sorry," but now he couldn't say anything. For it was as if he really was sorry, not for what he had done, but for Major Rivers himself. And feeling that way he wouldn't say it of course. One couldn't say things like that to grown up people. It was bad enough to think them even.

No one at home had ever said what the Major looked like, but Baber had had bad dreams about him. And in the dream he had been a sort of walking skeleton with snowy hair falling to his shoulders. But the skeleton did not wear a frock coat with one button missing, nor was Major Rivers' hair white, but black and glossy, parted low on the right side, and coming down in long points in front of his ears. And the eyes in the dream had been pale and glowed like those of some animal. But Major Rivers' eyes were black, and the funny thing was that he felt about them just as he did about Auntie's. Only he had known Auntie Rivers all his life and he hadn't known the Major for five minutes.

Five minutes? Why, Major Rivers did not even know there was such a person as Ellis Baber. The face that those deep eyes looked out of was like that of a snowman: there was not a line in it. If he did not smile, neither did he frown, you felt as if he couldn't do either. Baber wasn't even sure that he actually *saw* him at all, whether the Major thought he was looking at some kid lying there or just at a figure in the carpet that hadn't been there the last time.

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The last time, when was that? How long ago? When he thought of that, misery clutched at Baber's insides again and he wished he didn't have to think such things. For there was something in the bewildered look in Major Rivers' eyes that reminded him of when the kitten came back to the Davey house and found they had moved away. For the look said as plain as anything that things had changed a lot since he had been in that room before and he was trying to understand what had happened but couldn't. And still as if he had forgotten that Baber was in the room, he sighed, drew up the leather spring-rocker where he could get the breeze from the window and sank into it, stretching out his painfully bony legs and leaning his icy forehead against a hand as pale as death.

★

When he was sure the dark eyes were closed, Baber got up as quietly as he could ready to beat it out of there. But just then Auntie, having finished clearing up in the kitchen, looked in, maybe to see what mischief Baber was up to; and if he had been surprised by the Major's home-coming he was even more so by the way Auntie took it.

"Why, hello dear!" she leaned over the back of the rocker and kissed the top of his head. "You were so quiet I never heard you come in! Tired?"

The Major nodded. "So many people . . . thought I'd never get a seat in the car . . . Such a Saturday!" And his eyes took on the puzzled look again as he looked at Auntie. "It is Saturday, isn't it?"

"Yes, dear. Yes, Joe," Auntie soothed, and it seemed to Baber that her voice caught as she said it, and that her hand trembled a bit as she smoothed the hair back from his forehead. "It's Saturday, sure enough."

The way she said it Baber almost believed it himself, though he knew darn well it was Monday. Auntie didn't seem to know any more than the Major that he was in the room. She sat down on the ottoman at his feet and for a long time they didn't say anything though the Major's lips moved as if he were talking to himself. And when he did speak it was as if he were listening to his own voice, a voice that came from a long way off.

"Where's Ben?" he asked. "Drat the boy! Doesn't he know his father's home?"

Now, Ben Rivers had been working so long that Baber hardly knew what he looked like but the way the Major talked about him you would think he was only about ten years old. Auntie never let on—you would think it had just happened yesterday.

"Oh, didn't we tell you he had got a job on the railroad, Joe? Such a good job; he's going to make a lot of money this summer, you see!"

"Pet, you oughtn't to keep things from me," the Major sighed. ". . . very dangerous occupation."

"I know, dear. But Joe, you leave so early in the morning. . . ."

"Early?"

"Yes, dear. Before anyone else is up. And you get back so late at night, so you see . . ."

"The nights are the worst."

"No, dear, just longer. . . . Oh, I saved some of the ice cream and cake for you. Max!" she called, "run look in the refrigerator and get the dish I saved Father." Then to the Major, laughing, "Blessed if I didn't have the hardest time to keep the children from getting it all!"

The Major cleared his throat, looked uneasily to each side of his rocker as if he were wondering what had become of the china spittoon. Baber knew where it was all right, but the Major didn't. Max had it out on the back porch with a baby turtle in it. "Did you say children, pet? What children?"

"Why, Max's guests, dear. Had you forgotten this is his birthday?"

"His birthday?" The Major rubbed his hand across his eyes. "Why, sure enough. . . . Always forget when they come. Climb up, boy, and see what Father has for you!" For a minute Baber wasn't sure that the Major knew which of them was Max, but he stayed on the piano stool and didn't say anything, while Max got on his father's lap, though not as if he was crazy about it. The Major fumbled a minute at the buttons of his vest, unfastened the silver chain and put his big silver hunting case in Max's hands.

"For me?" Max said. "You mean for me really?" He held it to his ear. "Will she run?"

"Oh, but Father!" Auntie cried and clapped her hand to her mouth as if she were afraid to say anything more. But the Major paid no attention. He was showing Max how to open the back of the case and they wound it with the little silver key that hung at the end of the chain. For a minute Baber thought Auntie was going to cry right then and there. Instead, she got up off the ottoman and went out into the dining room to see what the kids were up to, shooed them out into the backyard. "See if you can find some yellow roses, you can have all you want! But mind, don't any of you go out in the alley with your good clothes on."

She caught Dugald then before he got away and whispered hard in his ear.

Dugald scratched his mosquito bites with one foot. "I don't want to," he said.

"I don't care whether you want to or not," Auntie whispered. "Someone has to, and I can't. Be a good boy, son. Dr. Lovel won't mind your using it. The number is Hilltop 9424, can you remember it? And be sure to ask for Dr. Wiltberger." And Dugald slammed out the back door so fast that even Max seemed to know what was happening and squirmed out of the Major's lap.

From that time on it seemed to Baber he could neither sit nor stand. The chairs were too slippery, the floor too hard. He itched, he twisted. Auntie looked as if she would like to send him home, but Major Rivers paid no attention. And Baber was glad for he wouldn't have missed what was going to happen, not for a million dollars.

After a bit the Major came to again. "Music, how about some music, Max?" he asked. "What you want Father to play? The William Tell. Or that little gavotte?" As he drew out the piano stool, flipped back his coat tails, shot the cuffs back from his bony wrists it seemed to Baber he could remember when there were parties on the Rivers's lawn, Auntie and the ladies all in white muslin, while bursts of glorious music came from the open window where the Major must have played. But he didn't remember the piano being opened ever since then. Auntie must have been thinking the same thing, for she sat down again on the ottoman, her fingers on his knee where the Major's trousers were almost worn through. And there was something in her face that made him not want to look.

After he had warmed his fingers for a moment, the

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Major lifted his hands high and came down on the keys with such a grand crash that it tickled the soles of Baber's bare feet. It made him forget how strange it was that the Major should imagine he was still living at home and not on the Hilltop, forget what Auntie had whispered to Dugald about the telephone, forget the wagon was coming from the Asylum. He waited for the next notes, almost forgetting to breathe: but there weren't any, the Major had forgot how to make music, just as he had forgotten other things. He lifted his hands again while Baber and Max and Auntie waited, and then let them fall into his lap, shook his head and sat there huddled over the keyboard.

As the music twittered and died away among the strings Baber heard coming down the street the clop-clop of hooves. Pretty soon there was the rumble of rubber-tired wheels, the creak of harness, and the carriage stopped down in front. He heard Mary put her dish down on the piazza floor and get up all of a sudden, and then Mr. Taylor must have got up too and came in the hall to get his white fedora ("Rain or shine," Baber's Uncle Toby Crispin always said, "I see that fellow's white hat!") and Mary was whispering, "Don't go now. Please don't! Please, Lon!"

Baber could hear whoever it was coming up the front steps. And then Mary came in, flushed and unhappy looking and laid a hand on her father's shoulder. "A gentleman to see you, Papa," she said, and it was as if the words would choke her.

The Major raised his head. "Ask him in, dear. Ask him in!"

"But he's afraid his horse won't stand. If you would come down . . ."

"You see," he turned to Auntie, "they even follow me home!" But he did not say who "they" were, and it was as if he was not sure he believed it himself.

Auntie got up, smoothed her dress. "There, there, dear," she said to him. She brushed off the lapels of the coat with her hand, set it straight on his shoulders (or did she hold on to it a minute?) and buttoned the one button that was left. "I know dear, and you so tired . . . But perhaps it's someone come to take you for a drive."

Max and Baber pressed their noses to the window screen to watch. The Major went down the stone steps to the sidewalk one at a time, said hello to the man who had come for him, seemed not to know even that he had no hat or necktie. The man from the Asylum didn't seem to notice either: he was as nice as he could be. While they talked the Major looked back at the house once or twice as if he wanted to come back in. But he didn't after all: Baber guessed the man knew his business all right, for he laughed, took the Major by the elbow, opened the carriage door and helped the Major in. The door clicked to, and then, Baber wouldn't have believed it if he hadn't seen it, he took a key out of his pocket and locked him in.

Baber could have hollered to see how slick it was done, and how the colored man who was driving gave the horse a lick when they started off. But when he turned away from the window Max was lying on the hearthrug, holding the watch with both hands and crying all over it, and Auntie was half way up the front stairs. And the sounds she was making, it seemed to Baber would tear him to pieces, they made him feel so bad. So that he got out of that house, down the front terrace and across the street home as fast as his legs could carry him.

His Dad was coming through from the back hall when he got there, and though he tried to hide it behind him, Baber knew from the looks of his mustache that he was eating a peach.

"H'm," Baber's Dad swallowed a couple of times. "Had considerable excitement in the neighborhood this afternoon." And seeing Baber knew all about what he was up to, he went out to the front porch, spit the seed over the banisters, and went on eating.

In the kitchen Baber wouldn't answer Ethel's questions at all, but went on out to the peach tree, climbed up in the crotch and gave the limb that had the best ones on a hard shake.

The Sociology of Composition

HENRY RAGO

WHETHER "The Philosophy of Composition" is the real story of Poe's writing of "The Raven" does not matter; the merits of the poem itself justify very little enterprise in the way of investigation. What does matter is that Poe wanted us to believe that the method he described—a cool-headed mobilization of an esthetic theory—was really his method; and whether the account is true or not, he would have liked it to be true. The interest in deliberate method was certainly not new; there were many who had it before Poe, and long before him; but something in the method is quite by itself in the American poetry of his time and typical of the best in nineteenth century French poetry, and if there is only the hint of it in this essay, it recurs with something like insistence in a re-reading of all Poe's verse and fiction and much of his literary criticism.* This new note is an interest in the "essence" of poetry for its own sake and in the strategy of trapping it, like some genii, in the right arrangement of words; and I wish to suggest some relevance here to that phenomenon in the history of poetry which M. Maritain, in "Situation de la Poésie," describes as the *prise de conscience*. M. Maritain notices that only in comparatively recent times have we come to use the word "poetry" not for the craft, the job, but for a transcendental energy penetrating a particular work; and poetry has become aware of itself in this special sense. Thus Baudelaire, M. Maritain says, may quite justifiably be said to continue the romanticist consciousness of poetry as an *art,* but "in reality he marks a discontinuity, an enormous transformation, because it is in him that poetry achieves awareness of the 'poetry,' and of itself as poetry." From then on, the career of poetry is toward deeper and deeper self-knowledge.

It becomes easier to see why Poe would mean more to the French nineteenth century than to ours; and knowing what we do of twentieth century literature, not only Continental but American, we may give his place in the tradition a new importance. He was attempting something which none of his contemporaries in Amer-

*"The Complete Poems and Stories of Edgar Allen Poe." Edited by Arthur Hobson Quinn and Edward H. O'Neill. 2 vols. Knopf. $10.00.

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ican verse was attempting. And perhaps this explains many of his crudenesses—the repetitions, the paddings, the cheap effects of incantation, the failures of taste; they were the mistakes of the experimenter working alone, without the correctives one enjoys not only in the criticism but in the work of one's contemporaries. Poe's contemporaries *did not know enough* to make the same mistakes.

Now if this development toward a highly conscious poetry is Poe's tradition, it is not Whitman's. If it is a movement, Whitman puts the movement back by emphasizing spontaneity of both form and matter. The "spontaneity" of the surrealists is quite another question: a kind of ritual for the materialization of the genii, and very deeply self-conscious. But speaking of this development of consciousness, we should not feel that its necessary line is toward purer and purer art; if that were so, it would have had its *reductio ad absurdum* a few decades ago in the advocates of "Pure Poetry." On the contrary, this self-consciousness would seem to prosper best in "impure" rather than pure poetry; just as it has been, precisely, an anti-poetic society which has irritated poetry into self-consciousness. From this point of view, *la poésie pure* is not the end, and certainly not surrealism. The *prise de conscience* shows every sign of going more deeply into prose than ever. Mr. Eliot's most recent poems show an attempt to vary his charges of poetic voltage with carefully set passages of prose "relief"; Mr. Auden has demonstrated his ability at this kind of thing in the very texture of his language; and Mr. Ransom has been insisting on its necessity, for a very long time, in his criticism and his own brilliant poetic practice. (And I am only saying something very obvious when I say that the *prise de conscience* is now busy leavening the novel.)

If it happens to be our tradition, we do not have to decide whether we like it. I suppose I dislike it. M. Maritain's description of poetry in other times is nostalgic indeed—"a child among the Doctors"—but we cannot unlearn what we know. We must learn to deal with what we know, only by knowing more. And that is M. Maritain's mind. He instructs us that the growth toward self-consciousness is a parallel of the activities of the spiritual life: it is one of the perfections of spirit that it "can accomplish a perfect reflection": it can turn back upon itself, and grasp itself through itself. He warns us that to consider a growth of consciousness as something intrinsically evil or as a deformity "would be to fall into a kind of Manichaean pessimism." If we did have a choice between "knowing what we are doing" and "not knowing what we are doing," M. Maritain would choose to know. But in any case: "We have no choice. When the naïve epochs are passed, they are well passed. We have no other resort than a better and purer grasp of consciousness."

All this suggests a second sense in which Poe is important: he is sensitive to what we know thus far as the central tendency of American writing. We have not seen enough of our literature to know whether it has a "theme," or ever will have one. We know only—or I suggest that we do—that the strongest inclination of our literature is to value the subjective more than the objective, the idea more than the thing, the abstract more than the concrete, the meaning more than the symbol. These are all poor terms, and I am not proposing any exact analogy in all these oppositions, but they are the best that I can manage. Look at the text. The great triumvirate of Hawthorne, Melville, and James—certainly; and the authors, for scattered examples from our own times, of "The Enormous Room," "Nightwood," "The Sun Also Rises," "The Making of Americans," "The Great Gatsby," "A Curtain of Green," "Absolom, Absolom!" and "Time of Man." I shall not say that it is a literature without a scene, but the scene does not figure in it as a settled background, as it does in, say, Jane Austen. Often the scene is not there at all: the characters are in search of it—like Tom Wolfe riding trains up and down the continent to find "America." When the scene is there, it is often an element of action, rather than a background; it is something to be struggled with, for it is not properly a "scene," in order to establish the conditions within which normal action can take place. Or if it is there and insisted upon, as in the "regional" writers, it is more often microcosmic than local, and I daresay more often cosmic than microcosmic (I think that so simple a thing as the bigness of American spaces contributes to this effect); and, in any case, the sense of personal destiny is greater than the sense of concrete location, and the moods, the pace of action, and the landscape itself are all controlled by the writer's attitude or by the reactions of an observer in the story. It is obvious that we share much of this with the situation of the modern European novel; but there seem to be additional historical and sociological reasons for the early manifestations of that tradition in our past.

There is a third sense in which Poe was an important modern. He is, far ahead of his contemporaries, the concentration of a pathology in the social organism. (Here, too, Walt Whitman, whom Mr. Marshall McLuhan, in the *Sewanee Review* for Winter 1944, reads quite convincingly as "an inverted Byronic dandy," was to be a retrogression, with his psychologically suspect protests of happy adjustment to the "multitude.") Poe saw too well what poetry is; he saw that if it was to live at all in a commerce-ridden society, it would live as a fever, and through its chosen victims. Now he is a natural victim: he is sensitive enough for the rôle, and he attempts all his life to "get along" in society. He has no access to the refuge of the university and probably doesn't want it (although the Army may have had this sort of attraction for him early in life). He has to make money by the use of his medium—precisely the thing in him which society wants least—and he keeps hoping that this or that magazine venture will make his fortune. He needs a fair amount of money: he has just enough pretext—by the tenuous circumstance of his adoption—to claim a "position" in bourgeois life. The medical metaphor can be extended. Physicians like to say that an organism tends to *get along* by localizing its infections. But the locus, as part of the total organism, has to get along too; and its method is to make extra demands upon the organism. The result is a continuing process of mutual irritation—in addition to the disorder originally localized. Poe's neurosis not only was a high point of consciousness for his society, but it *involved* his society.

We have been speaking of the importance of Poe's position. The ultimate question of evaluation is another matter, and I do not know how much progress will ever be made with it. Professor Matthiessen has recently (in

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the *Sewanee Review,* Spring 1946) summed up the various bafflements which the critics find in this question; and any American who has argued the case abroad knows that there are two Poes, one of whom is French. But this can be said, I think: that if Poe had been slightly less sensitive, he would have been a better artist—and, of course, a less important figure. He was not completely equipped for his situation. His training was limited. The intuitions in his reviews and essays, brilliant points of departure for others, were for him chiefly occasions for imbedding himself more deeply into narrow heresies. His discovery of a highly conscious literature—a literature open to the terrifying conquests of Rimbaud, Baudelaire, Joyce, Proust, and Mann—left him dazzled only with the ultra-violet of the spectrum; this artificer of the "single effect" did not really know gradations. The bathetic descents in his poems are almost inevitable when we see what level he was trying, *every instant* and in every line, to maintain. But the achievements are as interesting as the failures, because they tell us positively, as the failures do negatively, what an *absolute* poetry he had succeeded in imagining. The vision of evil is absolute too; Mr. McLuhan shows that it is more precisely "satanic" than that of either Hawthorne or Melville: he argues that he comes from a broader, more cosmopolitan tradition. It is, in any case, the classic evil; and there is no mistaking what I call, literally, its personality.

The absolute is fatal, and Poe was born to it. Everything that we have noticed here comes to that. We should be surprised if we found everything propitious for such an awesome vocation, both in the man and in his society. As it turns out, we should not be surprised: I think that what disconcerts us is the fact that failures to attain the absolute—even when they miss by a minute degree—are themselves so awfully absolute. But if we agree that literature is, in its most important aspect, not a competition but a community of effort, we may see that Poe's place in that community is high and certain. For whatever his private disappointments, it is in his terms that American literature must make its testament for our times.

Books of the Week

The Art of Worldly Wisdom. Otto Eisenschiml. Duell. $2.50

"MAXIMS are the glimmerings of a supernatural light, which rather dazzle than illuminate such as are not attentive and strong sighted," wrote Mr. Savage, in an introduction to his translation—the first into English, of "The Courtier's Oracle, or the Art of Prudence" in 1694. This translation, which went into three editions (of which the third was called "The Art of Worldly Wisdom," as all subsequent versions have been) included Amelot de la Houssaie's notes on the author, Baltasar Gracian, and on his three brothers. The Gracian's were of noble Spanish birth, from Catalynd, in Aragon, and all four entered different religious orders. Baltasar, "one of the first men of the century" as he liked to joke, was born on January 8th, 1600; his first book, "The Hero," was published in 1630, in Madrid. But of his many works, the only one he ever permitted to be issued over his own name was "Meditations for Frequent Communicants." He died in 1658, a loyal Jesuit. His "Art of Worldly Wisdom" has been translated, as Mr. Otto Eisenschiml points out, into almost every language; the best known English version is that of Joseph Jacobs, published by Macmillan's in their "Golden Treasury" series, in 1892, and dedicated to Mrs. G. H. Lewes—one supposes George Eliot and not her flighty predecessor.

Mr. Otto Eisenschiml, a "nationally prominent chemist . . . well known as a student of Lincolniana" has "compiled 300 precepts for success, based on the original work of Baltasar Gracian," He has introduced material of his own, which he has illustrated with incidents and events, many of which did not take place until after Gracian's death. Sometimes, finding a chapter repetitious, he has "inserted a substitute." He complains of the "unsystematic compiling" of the first editor, and of the "involved and outdated" language of the original.

Yet, as Mr. Savage explained, Baltasar Gracian's language is " a kind of secret writing" and Mr. Otto Eisenschiml's piecing of himself on to the subtle Jesuit gives the effect of a satin skirt lengthened with serge to meet the current mode. Little anecdotes about Austen Chamberlain, or Metternich, about Edison or Seward, bring Gracian down with a bump from the sublime to the particular. To say that if a woman attracts men, she has sex-appeal, may be true, but it is trite; and the fact that it took the English playwright Tom Taylor many years to find a producer for his comedy, or that Nathan B. Forrest joined the Confederate army as a private soldier, and rose thence to be a leader, though also doubtless true, add nothing to the sayings of an author of whom one of England's greatest Undersecretaries could write: "taking the book as a guide, especially for those who intend to enter public life, I have never chanced to meet with anything which seemed to me even distantly to approach it."

But Mr. Otto Eisenschiml is not the first to have played fast and loose with the Spanish Jesuit's masterpiece. St. Evremond borrowed largely from Gracian, when the Earl of St. Alban's applied to him for advice which would benefit young gentlemen about to go out into the world. This author, indeed, made plentiful use of Gracian without even the formality of credit!

But the most famous of Gracian's admirers is, of course, Arthur Schopenhauer, who called him "Mein Gracian," and was devoted to him; Gracian also is, by many Germans, held to have influenced Nietzsche, in form, if not in content.

Choose your company with care, counsels Baltasar Gracian, or is it Otto Eisenschiml? The worldly seventeenth century courtier, and the no less worldly twentieth century business executive make strange printfellows and the wit of the Jesuit contrasts uncomfortably in this nicely produced volume with the wisdom of the vegetable-oil processing magnate. ANNE FREMANTLE.

My Name is Christopher Nagel. C. W. Grafton. Rinehart. $2.75.

THIS BOOK has a catchy title. (Have you heard anything like it before?)

Christopher Nagel is a crackerjack high school pitcher. So, as you might guess, his name is shortened to Christy. He is lured by a big university's high pressure methods, though he had intended to go to a small college. At Stanley University he becomes a terrific freshman football player and, before long, a sensation in other ways. He originally had intended to become a surgeon, but

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things interfere—*you* know, football and everything, so at the end of the book he is thinking of switching to something else. Before that, however, we go, with Christy, through a tortuously detailed experiencing of freshman college life for an outstanding freshman athlete: games (intricate plays completely described); parties (we can smell the corn whiskey); dances (a preliminary acknowledgment list in the book thanks assorted companies for permission to quote from 26 popular songs); tragedy (a car accident which you know is going to happen—it must); biological fumbling (Christy inevitably becomes compromised with the Dean's daughter); real romance (an annulment straightens out the forced marriage with said Dean's daughter and leaves Christy and Sherry knowing each other for the *real* love). And all kinds of things.

And what nonsense. The only reason for reading this book is that it takes you through endless college life detail, and if you have some kind of nostalgia for reviewing such a thing, well, you might get a kick out of portions of Christopher Nagel's late adolescence. Otherwise, you would be wiser to retire to the nearest juke box and play the tune which begins "My name is MacNamara . . ." The word combination there is more intriguing.

T. E. CASSIDY.

The Innocent Eye. Herbert Read. Holt. $3.50.

TO THOSE of us who did not grow to maturity in the pale afterglow of Victorian peace and serenity, Herbert Read's "Innocent Eye" will seem filmed by a glaze of speculative dilettantism. For to most of us has not been vouchsafed a comfortable feeling about the future, which in his youth represented what seemed an unrealized potential of inevitable progress.

It would be difficult for most of us to hold, like Mr. Read, in easy equilibrium, an allegiance to anarchism as a long range objective; to social democracy as its short-term auxiliary goal; and to an unabashed romanticism forever leaping into the unknown to seize a fragment of creative intuition.

In the long truce between wars the future became an unkind tense, the symbol of all insecurity. There was a sense of urgency in the air that ruled out the luxury of such things as Read's leisurely meandering amidst contradictory creeds, who, in turn, was first a Tory, then a radical; now an atheist, later a mystic; a classicist and finally an unflinching romantic. In a sense, he is still all of these, affecting a mild eclecticism under the guise of a creative "personality." The term is his own, and is characterized, he claims, by an "immediacy and what I call the liability, or the capacity to change without loss of integrity." In this he is like Emerson, who because he assumed that all the world held the values of Concord, preached a revolutionary transcendentalism sure that no one would offend good taste by carrying the doctrine beyond the bounds of Concord breeding.

Thus, Read's innocence is a peculiar blend of ignorance and blamelessness, which is rather naive in a world which does not share his persistent faith "in the natural goodness of man."

His true stature is to be measured by his beautifully sensitive and acute perception of his experiences, not by his languid rationalizations of their social significance. The first portion of his book which details his childhood is a tender rendition of a happy, isolated rural youth, which, although written in a rather impassive style, is excellent. Likewise, his account of the 1918 retreat from St. Quentin is a superb description of a sensitive man lost in the confused and bloody welter of a modern war. It is by far the best portion of the book; complete, coherent and written with exquisite economy.

It is to be regretted that Read has spoiled what might have been an excellent autobiography by his garrulous editorializing. It would have been well had he realized that the "innocent eye" of childhood looks out upon a world presumed to be equally innocent. Alas, the world is wicked, and Mr. Read won't admit it.

R. RICHARD WOHL.

Churches of Old New England. George Francis Marlowe. Photographs by Samuel Chamberlain. Macmillan. $3.75.

MR. MARLOWE writes about the architecture of New England churches, their architects, their pastors and their people—unpretentiously, giving the facts, quoting from the early documents, copying inscriptions from tombstones. And here it seems impossible not to quote one of these, from a tomb in Jaffery, New Hampshire, because it is as beautiful in its implications as an inscription from the Greek: "Sacred to the memory of Violate, by sale the slave of Amos Fortune, by marriage his wife, by her fidelity his friend and solace, she died a widow, Sept. 13, 1802, Aet. 73." Mr. Marlowe's story of the churches is the story of New England. These people were serious about their religion and about money and about their country. They created a special civilization, they made their country into something special so that it does not look like any other country, they made a new England, a different England. And in all their villages and towns it is the white church, the lovely steeple, the white columns that make this New England recognizable and certain. Mr. Chamberlain's photographs of these churches are magnificent with the white clouds overhead, the great elms and the common in front of the church, the graveyard beside it, and always the steeple, with the bells and often with the clock. The churches are there with the names of the towns; the churches are the towns, as they are in France—so that when you say the lovely name of Vezelay you think of the church on the hill and when you say the New England names, Litchfield, Wethersfield, Natick, Framingham, Shrewsbury, you think of these white churches, and of a part of America stamped with its own perfection.

Bread and Rice. Doris Rubens. Macauley. $3.00.

THERE is the making here of a good story. Miss Rubens has had an unusual opportunity to observe the rapidly changing East. A reporter in China before the war, she was the only woman correspondent to cover the Japanese capture of Hankow. She was in the Philippines from 1940, and escaped to the mountains when the invasion came. She lived for a year and a half among the primitive mountain tribes. She and her husband finally gave themselves up, and spent the rest of the war in the well-publicized horrors of the Japanese prison camps.

Such material might well make an interesting book. It is discouraging to report that despite strenuous efforts by the author, the narrative fails to hold the attention. The book is badly written, and attempts at impressionism verge on the grotesque. There is much sentimentality, and some bad taste. Attempts to recreate the emotional atmosphere of her experiences are overdone. The most arresting thing in the book is the motive given for the

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decision to give up graduate study and go to China in 1938. In her own words it was "to throw my weight on the right side of the scales in the tenuous balance of Democracy and Fascism." J. N. MOODY.

Mariology. M. J. Scheeben. Herder. $3.00.

AT THE same time less difficult to read and more interesting and important in content is this second volume of Scheeben's work. Timely and thorough is his treatment of "Mary's Exemption from the Bonds of Death" (her Assumption) and the nature and extent of her mediatorship. Also included in this volume are a complete consideration of the Immaculate Conception and a chapter on our Blessed Lady's immunity from all sin.

Not to be neglected is an interesting sidelight which a work of this nature provides for the serious and informed general reader. That is the distinction made by the Church between solid theology, as held by reputable theologians (from whose number the author would seem to exclude Saints Albert the Great and Antoninus, by a perhaps unfortunate translation on pages 235-236), and pious legend, which bodies forth the desires of the faithful. It is well to keep in mind that the Church's dogmatic definitions are dependent upon the former—which is not to say the latter are necessarily misguided.

Although "Mariology" makes mention of the animus which often characterizes certain of the theological controversies of history, its author is no victim of such animus, as witness his treatment of the Immaculate Conception. MARK BARRON.

The Showman of Vanity Fair. Lionel Stevenson. Scribners. $5.00.

SCRUPULOUSLY detailed, this four hundred page record opens with Thackeray's arrival from India at the age of six, and follows him closely throughout the remaining years of his busy and restless life. Although certain parts of this book are very well done, it suffers in general from overloading with unessential detail and incident; rigid compression of the first hundred pages, and more careful selection of material throughout would have made the volume more readable and effective. In its present form, it does not appear to be sufficiently animated and fast-moving to satisfy the general reader, for whom it is designed, nor is it sufficiently concerned with Thackeray's art to be of great service to the student of literature.

It is on this latter point that I have a strong complaint against this work, and all such biographies which deal with the life of a poet or novelist without giving adequate consideration to the man's work. The present-day craving for color in our public figures and historical characters is dangerous when it is allowed to affect literary studies. We can see already the tendency to make literary history a mere record of characters, whose characteristics and oddities are more important than the literature they produced. Such attention to character is justified when we deal with such a man as Dr. Samuel Johnson; even then, it is the great mind and soul of the man that provide the interest in Boswell's chronicle. In Stevenson's book we see Thackeray busily writing his great novels—and we seldom have more than a brief glance at the work he has done. For all the difference it would have made, Thackeray might have been a chemist or a grocer. And that is where the trouble lies: he was not a grocer, he was a novelist. If he had been a grocer, he would have been lost

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in the crowd of common men, and we should not be writing about him at all; but since he wrote novels, and since it is for that reason that we have come to the man, we want to know more about his work and his ideals. We are not content with an account of the merely physical, chronological life of such a man; we want to know how he met the great problems of human life; we want to see his mind and his soul. In four hundred pages there should be room for some estimate of Thackeray's place in literature.

A. P. CAMPBELL.

Home Country. Ernie Pyle. William Sloane. $3.75.

THESE are the travel pieces that Ernie Pyle wrote for the Scripps-Howard newspapers between 1935 and 1940, and probably everyone remembers when he came across one of them for the first time in a newspaper with surprise and pleasure. That is the best way to have read them, but here they are in collected form now that Pyle is dead, and now that the war is over. Pyle wrote about the war as he writes here about America—with the same natural interest in everything he saw, the same sympathy for people, the same ability to talk directly and simply to people wherever he was, and to hear what they said to him and write it down. His war books were good, but" Home Country" is better; the soldiers he talked to were always thinking of their homes all over America, and Pyle had been almost everywhere in America and so he could talk to them about their homes; there was dramatic contrast between what the soldiers talked about and the war they had to live in, or had to die in; but in this book the war has not come yet, and so there is just America and Pyle talking to Americans. It shows Pyle talking to Americans as they are without a war, as they were, then, before the war, and as they are now again after the war—living in this enormous country, not in an undifferentiated mass of one hundred and forty million, but each man living his own life, in a particular place, with a desert to look at, or a farm, or a city. If you read this book it is not so much what Pyle tells you about these Americans that is important; it is that you can find out from it how to look at them yourself.

Exploring Our National Parks and Monuments. Devereux Butcher. Oxford. $1.75.

SINCE Yellowstone National Park was established in the northwest corner of Wyoming seventy-five years ago, the aggregate of American national parks and monuments has extended to something less than one percent of the entire area of the United States, Alaska and Hawaii. This attractive booklet by the executive secretary of the National Parks Association is marked by the strong conviction that these areas must be preserved in their natural state. No matter how vigorous the pressure of commercial interests—or even of entire regions that would thereby benefit—the lakes and streams should not be tampered with. Mr. Butcher is equally emphatic in his opposition to adding artificial recreational facilities for the benefit of vacationers: "Not to be counted among the beauties and wonders of Yosemite Valley are two tile swimming pools which intrude upon the valley's natural scene; or the stage from which raucous jazz blares nightly during summer. National primeval parks are not resorts and such developments are inconsistent with the purposes of the parks." Mr. Butcher's volume is also to be commended for its many fine halftones and its invaluable data on topography, trees, flora and fauna and means of access.

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Next Week

Feature articles scheduled for the July 25 issue of The Commonweal indicate the range and pertinence of the material which the magazine will publish all through the summer and fall. . . . WORKERS' COMMUNITY, by Claire Huchet Bishop, tells of an extraordinary social experiment which is known the length and breadth of France. To grasp the idea adequately it is necessary to read the article in full, but one of the community's leading ideas is that each of its members spends part of his working day educating himself on some phase of human society. The community which Marcel Barbu has established includes people of varying religious and political beliefs; yet they are inspired to work and live together for a common goal. . . . IS ENGLAND DYING? by J. L. Benvenisti, is a spirited reply to a recent article in "Look" magazine, which purported to explain Britain's present difficulties and why her people are not successfully meeting them. In answering this misleading article Mr. Benvenisti presents the real tenor of the current British scene. . . . FREUDIANS AND CATHOLICS, by Harry McNeill, plunges straight into the present controversy about psychoanalysis. He believes that outright Freudians and Catholic psychologists have much to tell each other, but that a number of misconceptions must first be cleared away—by both groups.

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The Inner Forum

Visit to Poland

TOWARD the end of last month Cardinal Griffin of Westminster, Primate of England, returned from an extensive trip through Poland, which he had undertaken at the express invitation of Cardinal Hlond. Cardinal Griffin brought back with him several clear-cut impressions; they are reported in the London *Catholic Herald*.

It is the Cardinal's impression that not counting the soldiers lost in the war "over five million Poles were brutally massacred in concentration camps in Poland and Germany . . . the victims included two bishops, thousands of priests and men, women and children. . . ." So extensive was the loss of life that "hardly a family exists in the whole of Poland which has not suffered the loss of near relatives." Cardinal Griffin told of the severe destruction he saw in Warsaw, Danzig and Gydnia; the Cathedral of Warsaw and surroundings buildings had also been blown up by the Nazis.

As indication of the poverty under which the Poles are now laboring, there was the absence of automobiles. Agricultural implements are very scarce and "I saw whole families on their hands and knees working hard in the fields planting and weeding." Representatives of the Polish *Caritas* organization expressed their gratitude to both the American NCWC and the English Catholic Committee for Relief Abroad for their substantial assistance.

"The third and greatest impression which I received, however, was one of the strength and virility of Catholic life in Poland." Cardinal Griffin was present for the Corpus Christi procession at Lowicz, to which some 50,000 people came to take part. At Bydgoszcz 12,000 boys and girls gathered to assist at a Mass celebrated by Cardinal Hlond at an altar erected outside the parish church; there were Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts, members of the Legion of Mary and pupils from the elementary schools. Thousands of pilgrims also gathered at the shrine of Our Lady of Czestochowa for an evening procession and an address by the visiting English Primate.

"Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and to Our Lady Queen of Poland are the two great devotions which inspire Catholic faith and Catholic practice in Poland. The faith of the people is energetic and everyone, young and old, of every class, takes his full share in Catholic life."

CONTRIBUTORS

Boris GOUREVITCH, author of a number of books, is a founder and vice-president of the Union for the Defence of the Human Person.

Wilhelm ROEPKE of Geneva, Switzerland, is a non-Catholic. He is a university professor and the author of several volumes among which are "The Crisis of Western Society" and "Civitas Humana." His article in this issue is said to be the subject of considerable discussion in Belgium, France and Switzerland.

Bernard RAYMUND contributes articles and sketches to leading American literary reviews. He sent us this sketch from his home in North Carolina.

Henry RAGO is a frequent contributor to THE COMMONWEAL and has been teaching recently at the University of Chicago.

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